



DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

“THE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM.”

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Principles of Nature.

SPIRITUAL RAPPINGS.

BY LAURA W.

Whence then cometh wisdom, and where is the place of understanding? God understandeth the way thereof, and He knoweth the place thereof.

The developments of man's nature have been slow. In our presumption we think we shall have obtained the perfection of an object, when we have produced certain results; but having arrived at these, we see a wider field opening before us, and the further we advance, the more illimitable is our vision. In all the sciences, great men have felt like Newton, and have seen the boundless ocean of knowledge, beyond where their boat could sail, spreading broad and far before them, and losing itself indefinitely in the commingling of sea and sky.

The wants of our Nature have never been satisfied by the study of the sciences. We have been taught negatively by them. Geology has proved that we could not count the ages of the Earth, or fix with any certainty the date of the creation of Man.

Chemistry, which, a few years since, informed us there were four elements—fire, air, earth, and water—now finds all these, hitherto simples, composed of compounds, compounded in infinite progression.

The discoveries by the aid of the microscope show us that worlds, in miniature, are hidden from our natural sight, and each increased focal power brings to view objects, which we find have life, activity, and a degree of intelligence.

And in the blight and mildew on the leaf,
We see tall trees, beneath whose dark recesses
The wily insect, with sagacious art,
Entraps his weaker adversary.

Astronomy, which has so long been considered as the great field of magnificent discovery, has led us away to further unexplored fields, where we see

“That other planets circle other suns,”

and has given us confidence to believe that more will be unfolded to the penetrating eye of man. We wonder and hope; and in our pride of discovery, turn to ourselves unsatisfied and ask, “WHAT AM I? I nothing know but that I am, and since I am, conclude something eternal.”

We grasp at every shadow that promises us a life after our eyes shall have been shut to earth. Fame, which is sought amid the greatest dangers, is but a continuance of life in the breath of others. It is a manifestation of the inherent desire for immortality, which is in the depth of every soul. We are unwilling to lose in annihilation this something—this sentient Me. The rudest savage has the same longing, and as much conviction, of a life after death, and even more, than the scholar; for faith is often sacrificed at the shrine of learning. The man of letters hopes it, and receives the tradition, as handed down from one generation to another, but scientifically asks, The proof! My breath stops, I am, as other matter, acted on by chemical agents; decomposition of my body takes place. What has become of ME—this intelligence which enables me to communicate the thoughts of my mind, 'o be understood by others of my species—how am I sure that it remains, when the bellows of the lungs have ceased to blow the lamp of life? What proof have I?

Where is your Bible, the word of God, teaching a resurrection and life hereafter?

True; but what, except tradition, gives faith

in the Bible? Have you seen the waters gush from the rock at your bidding, to cool your parched lips? Have you been fed with bread, like rain from heaven, to supply your daily craving appetite? Has the bush burned in your sight without being consumed? Has your friend been taken from your side, in a chariot of fire? Have you seen the spirit of Samuel rising with the hoary dignity of age, standing in his sepulchral robes, to answer the earnest inquiries of Saul?—No man hath seen God at any time! but his pathway is in the deep, and his footsteps are not known.

All these things, in these later ages, have been called deceptions, or superstition, or “humbuggery,” either term denoting their supposed falsity. They have been received by the weak, as a matter of faith, without questioning the science which is the foundation of all God's law, and is truth.

The greatest proof of the divine inspiration of the Bible is, the power which it has retained to impress upon the convictions of men the belief in its sanctity, when so little understood by them. We are not one of those who believe that the arch enemy has power to entirely conceal the word of God, and make us to believe it a lie; but, with humble submission, we acknowledge we have been of the doubting and unbelieving, and in despair of an answer to the question, “What am I?” we have said, “We can not know, and why should we care?” With this settled conviction, a feeling of obtuseness of mind, of despair to reach beyond things material, always accompanies such a state of questioning; and while living on in the same external semblance, as before this feeling had pervaded the mind, there is an increasing sense of uneasiness and consciousness of living to no purpose, under which the brain sometimes reels and reason loses control. For what is this life, which continueth for a moment, and then vanisheth away, if there is nothing subsequent to depend on? Is the good which is performed here, and which seldom finds a throb of grateful acknowledgment, the end and aim of life? Is even the reward of a good action a satisfaction that compensates us for living? For with all of us

“Sorrow hath the young heart shaded,”

and life is more endured than enjoyed. Amid all these causes of skepticism and want of faith, we have nearly lost sight of the spirit; we are almost all of us materialists. We see nothing beyond this life, and we say there is nothing!

How then shall we obtain the knowledge of the spirit, even if we believe in its existence, but by a special revelation? We have had stories of ghosts in churchyards, apparitions flitting before us, warnings of various kinds; and, in all ages, dreams, which have come to pass, oracles which have been accomplished, prophetic announcements which have been fulfilled; and full belief in their truth has had its hold on the minds of many, who secretly shuddered as they laughed in outward scorn at man's acknowledged credulity. We have believed all this to have been a fable, or the craft of wily priests. But in what way shall we expect a revelation from heaven? The thunder speaks its own terrific language; the lightning is seen, its effects are felt—not heard. The starry orbs of heaven maintain their silent course, and man feels their omnipotence in his heart. For,

“Nor real voice or sound”

is heard, from any of them. In this is no revelation of spiritual things. The mind is elevated by the contemplation of the grandeur of these objects, but not instructed in its own perpetuity. Truly, may we say, we have forgotten the majesty of the Most High.

But His eye never slumbers or sleeps; He

will not always chide; His mercy endureth forever. When man has wandered to the brink of destruction, He has sent his angel to reclaim him to the paths of truth. Various have been the revelations to the heart of the way-farer. Sometimes the still small voice of conscience has sounded in more than thunder-tones, and checked his mad career. Our own experience has been like that of a furious steed, so suddenly curbed as to bring him upon his haunches.

Revelations are given according to man's fitness of reception. The parable says, that in the Spiritual world, or in Heaven, the beggar replied to the request of the rich man in torment: to send to his brethren and warn them to change their lives, lest they also should suffer as he did. The reply given is: “They have Moses and the prophets, let them hear them; if they will not heed them, neither will they though one rise from the dead.” The brethren here referred to were not in a state of receptivity, anxious as this miserable spirit was for them to be informed of their state; and had they seen a spirit from the “vasty deep,” it would have been regarded but as the wandering of a diseased brain.

Thus ages have passed, each losing more and more the remembrance that God walked in the garden with man, at his first creation, until these remains, which we now have, are considered but as marvelous tales of improbable events.

We believe that to man, having now gone to the verge of forgetfulness of spiritual things, and his nature being now, from the discipline of education, more capable of receiving than it has been for ages, a signal revelation has recently begun to be made. Upon what is this bold announcement founded? We ask for proof. The Rochester knockings have become a central word, when speaking of the communications made from the spiritual world. Rappings and knockings have been heard and received as warnings from time immemorial, but the manner of communicating by means of the alphabet was first discovered in Rochester. It was not at first in the family of Mrs. Fish, who has identified herself with them so much by her generously consenting to a public exhibition and examination, that these rappings were heard; but the continuance of their attraction to her, for so long a time, has attached to her the imputation of a deceiver, and the learned council of Buffalo boldly declared they were caused by the abrasion of the knee joint! We should like to know what two bones would bear rubbing together so long and so frequently, and the muscles around them retain their contractibility! All the guessing in the world could not have given as many correct responses to questions, as have been given by them. We don't deny that some have been purile, some even false; but a reason may be given for that, by those who have learned but the first rudiments of spiritual communication. There is an alphabet to be learned in every thing. It is asked, “What is this for? Nothing has been revealed of any consequence—nothing but names and ages of deceased persons, or something of as little account.” These have generally been correctly given. When the skeptic has been surprised at the truthfulness of an answer, he says, “But they took the impression from my mind.” And is not that as remarkable, and as new a discovery, as the communing of the spirits of the departed? It proves more plainly and more conclusively the union of two unseen intelligences. Far removed as man now is from the spiritual, this may be as much as he is capable of receiving, even through these low mediums, from that higher plane, and this but the dawn, or the light which precedes the dawn,

of a spiritual day. Faint as it is, many a one has found it sufficiently luminous to lead him to a fixed belief, and certain expectation, of the eternal life of the soul when this body shall have been destroyed.

The great changes in Nature are by slow processes; an occasional convulsion breaks up the harmony and destroys the symmetry and beauty of portions of the globe, but the regular progression from good to better, is ever by slow advances. We look and expect as Elijah did, that the Lord is in the wind, in the earthquake, or in the fire. In neither of these ways has he communicated any thing spiritual. The wind layeth prostrate the lofty forest and is gone. The disruption of the earth displays the hidden wonders and secret treasures for man's use. The consuming element, as it devours all before it, makes us acknowledge our impotence, and that we are but of yesterday. When the still small voice speaks to us, it is in our souls that we feel the power of the spirit, and like the prophet, we would fain wrap ourselves in our mantle and wait in silence.

The proud captain of the Assyrian host was told to wash in the Jordan and he should be cleansed from his leprosy, he scorned the simplicity of the remedy. Hath not Damascus the great rivers Abana and Pharpar, which roll their mighty waters to the sea? Are they not better than all the waters of Israel, than this little Jordan! which flows scantily—and muddy with its yellow sands? He expected the prophet would have come out to him and strike his hand upon the place, and the disorder would be removed. With lofty indignation and military hauteur he turned away from the humble prophet. As in all revelations the lower classes discover more common sense than their superiors in rank, the servants of Naaman feared not to acknowledge their belief in the word of the prophet, and interceded with their master not to discard the remedy for its apparent simplicity, but try it; the stream was to be the medium of cure—it had no sympathy with royalty, but the man was cleansed, and his flesh pure as the flesh of a child.

The lightning cometh out of the east and shineth unto the west, so is the coming of the spirit. We might be more doubtful of the spirituality of these sounds if they had been confined to Rochester, or to this one family. But we have it on good authority that they are heard in various parts of the United States.

At Cincinnati, where a Clairvoyant has resided some time, these rappings have been given in answer to the mental questions of others sitting in the room with her, while she was engaged in writing. Clearly showing that she could have no collusion or machinery to deceive with. The raps were sometimes single, and at others, several consecutively, as affirmative or negative answers were required.

In Southey's life of John Wesley, a relation is given of similar rappings with other annoyances, which disturbed his father's family for some time and seriously alarmed them at first. They could never get an answer to any questions; but sometimes a squeaking noise was heard. The raps or thumps were generally increased when the good old man prayed in his family, and especially when he prayed for the king! No account has ever pretended to be made of the cause of the trouble, but no one has ever doubted that the family heard it.

The eastern States have had very remarkable manifestations; one more striking than the rest, at Stratford, Connecticut, not only by raps and knocks, but by blows and tearing of clothes, breaking of crockery, marring of furniture, upsetting pails of water, &c. These facts were communicated to us by an eye-witness, though

skeptical in his belief, after having seen it. He staid at the house of Dr. Phelps three days, and could not, with the closest investigation of a man of science, discover the agency which accomplished the work almost before his eyes.

Dr. Phelps obtained answers to his inquiries by the alphabet, in the same manner as was given at Rochester. He felt assured of the truth of the communications he received, and also of the cause of their malicious injuries to his furniture and family, and that the spirits were actually those of men who had lived immoral lives here, and one, or both of them, ended their lives in a state-prison. Carrying with them into the spiritual world the evil love which had ruled them here, it was there more fully ultimated, and they declared themselves to be in a state of torment, and made it their business to torment this family, until some settlement should be made respecting property which they had misappropriated. This has been the most important development we have heard of. If the clouds which have ever lain between us and the spiritual can be rolled away, if the spirits of the departed can communicate with us and tell us of the sins they committed, of the wrongs of which they were guilty and which were unpunished, of unatoned for; leaving widows to suffer and orphans to endure privation, penury, and want; we need not ask, for we can understand, why these communications are made; and we shall have more, as we are capable of receiving. It was said to the disciples, ‘I have many things to say, but ye can not bear them now.’

The rappings in Buffalo and Boston are identified (as we are told,) by a double rap, almost simultaneous. The second one a little fainter than the first. They are now heard in Boston, and give answers by the same alphabetical repetition. Tables have been moved at the mental request of one who was in communication with them, at the time the person who acted as the medium had turned aside, thus satisfactorily proving to those present that she could not have known the wish of the communicant's mind. At Bridgeport, Conn., they have made similar manifestations, and in so many other places, as to increase the wonder if it was caused by jugglery or any trick, that it should have appeared in places so remote from each other, and among those who have never been acquainted with the “artful cunning inventors” of the Rochester knockings.

Another remarkable thing is, that these plain, unlearned women at Rochester—for such they have been represented to be—should have possessed the knowledge of mechanics, of electricity, and of magnetical forces, sufficient to produce any machinery capable of deceiving for so long a time, the high authorities of the city and all others, who, with the most determined perseverance, have examined them to prove the deception. As they have gone to other places, the rappings have accompanied them; and the efforts of the learned and curious to detect them have proved equally unsuccessful. This exhibition, so often made, has caused the skeptic to pause, and hear both sides. While they deny their belief of what they can not help seeing, it frequently recalls to their mind some singular circumstance, some strange dream, which resulted in such a “remarkable coincidence,” that like the Buffalo Doctors, they leave the further prosecution of the discovery to others.

We believe that man did at first have verbal communications through mediums from his Creator, and that he received laws and instructions, sometimes by an angel, sometimes by an audible voice; but more frequently, as now, a silent influence was exerted upon the heart,

leaving him much power to act from his own free will.

His selfishness and pride have ever been striving with his better nature, and crushing the holy aspirations which drew him heavenward, until his spiritual organs have become dormant from disuse, and consciousness has said, my own forecast with myself, can dispense with spiritual directions.

We are not of those who believe every thing not understood to be the work of the "Arch Apostate," and that he has as much, or more power over the hearts of men, than the great Creator and dispenser of all. Were these rappings from that agency, which is always understood to be wholly evil, we should expect that horrible effects would have been exhibited long before this time. We have been of those who have listened to every well-authenticated report of these manifestations, and the same reasoning which brings conviction on other subjects, must be admitted on this; and to us it appears, that this is the dawn of the spiritual day, and that spiritual communications will be made to us more fully than they have yet been, but always through mediums. We know there are many who will say, like the English metaphysician, "Persuaded as I am that two and two make four, if I were to meet with a person of credit, candor, and understanding, who should sincerely call it in question, I would give him a hearing, as I could say much on that side myself;" and we know there are many, who will doubt to the last, because these manifestations are so unlike any thing of this world. But we have found so much order apparent in them, that we know they must be regulated by laws not now clearly understood, but which will be made evident to us as we advance to a higher plane of intelligence.

MARCH, 1851.

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

"Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind."

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 31.

ALL BEING FREE, EACH MUST ANSWER FOR HIMSELF; AND WHERE NO RESTRICTIONS ARE IMPOSED, NO ACCOUNTABILITY WILL BE ACKNOWLEDGED.

S. B. B.

The Spirits among the Judges.

A correspondent of *The New-York Tribune*, writing from Massachusetts, refers to the Spiritual Manifestations at the East, and announces the fact that a gentleman of distinguished character and attainments, at present occupying a high judicial position, has become a very powerful medium. We learn further, through private channels, that this information is strictly authentic, and we may therefore expect that the honorable gentleman will soon be reported "insane." The *Tribune's* correspondent, from whom we copy the succeeding paragraph, seems inclined to treat the subject rather facetiously, lest some one should be disposed to number him with the believers. The account proceeds thus:

"The monotony of village life has been somewhat diversified here by the prevalence of 'Spiritual Manifestations,' so-called. They take the form chiefly of moving tables, though rappings in answer to questions are not wanting. The people are as much in the dark with regard to their origin and character, as you and I are, and for the most part, preserve a discreet non-committalism. Thank Heaven, it is out of fashion to hang witches now-a-days, or I don't know how many of the best part of the population would get strung up. Some persons, I find, are mediums, who had previously taken no interest in the subject, and who are now quite puzzled by the strange powers of which they find themselves in possession. Among these, I found one of the Massachusetts Judges, a man of eminent ability and of the highest character, (whose name I will not mention, as it has not been brought before the public in connection with this subject) but of whose gifts as a 'medium,' I have the most indubitable evidence. Under this influence, quite as extraordinary things have been done, as have ever been related of the professed mediums in this city or elsewhere. I could describe some curious feats of this weird power, such as tables passing out at the door of a room, descending a flight of steps, and finally landing in the door-yard bottom-side up. This is hardly exceeded by the witches of old riding through the air on a broomstick."

According to popular parlance this is another instance of "delusion or devilry." It is a curious fact that many secular papers, and even a great portion of the religious press, treat every thing as real in the precise degree that it is earthly. And yet, the editors of several sectarian journals still insist that they believe in a spiritual religion. They profess to be "spiritually minded"—go to church on Sunday, ostensibly to receive spiritual instruction—they pray to a SPIRIT, and for spiritual influences to descend and rest on them, and to dwell in their hearts and lives away. And then, these people

return home and complacently labor through the remainder of the week, to destroy all confidence in spiritual influence and intercourse, and to excite unjust suspicions against those who honestly believe what they only profess! O Materialism, thou impersonation of mockery and mischief! How long wilt thou pollute the Christian sanctuary with thy foul presence! What prompts thee to show thy dirty visage in hallowed places, since no baptism can make thee clean?

Henry Clay's Vision.

When the dissolution of the body is gradual, it not unfrequently occurs that in proportion as the external senses are obscured, the soul experiences an immortal quickening; so that the forms of departed spirits are rendered visible, and the other life becomes a present and tangible reality. This is but a natural occurrence, and can not excite the "special wonder" of any one at all familiar with the philosophy of the change denominated death. A similar experience happens to many persons who have never before, and while in health, been conscious of exercising their internal senses. We have seen an account, in some paper, of a remarkable vision in which GEORGE WASHINGTON appeared to HON. JOHN C. CALHOUN but a few days before the latter bade adieu to earth. It is, moreover, an interesting fact, as we learn from the Washington correspondent of the *Philadelphia Ledger*, that HENRY CLAY was attended, in his last hours, by the spirits of his immortal friends and guardians. How long will Materialism close its eyes and resist, with the power of its stony heart, a truth which contains the highest elements of solemnity, of beauty, and of consolation. The following is an extract from the Washington correspondent:

"One of the most remarkable phenomena accompanying the sickness and gradual dissolution of Mr. CLAY, was a species of second sight—a living dream, dreamed with the perfect consciousness that it was a dream, which brought to his bedside not only the persons of his living friends, but also those who had departed this life for many years. What a blessing it must have been to a man of such warm affections as Mr. CLAY, to be thus surrounded by all he loved, or had loved—to have the grave, which was about to encompass him, surrender the dead, by the magic attraction of his departing spirit!"

Will some friend send us Mr. Calhoun's experience, above referred to? We should be pleased to publish it in the TELEGRAPH. [Ed.]

Imposing Titles and Ill Manners.

D. M. Reese, M. D., L.L. D., editor of the *New-York Medical Gazette*, thus explodes [there is no one hurt] from contact with the Spiritual Rappings:

"This vilest of all the recent impostures, except Mental Alchemy, seems to be reviving here and elsewhere. We see reports of numerous victims of insanity from this source being received into the lunatic asylums. We would bespeak a place in some of these excellent institutions for several of our citizens, representing respectively the bench, the bar, the pulpit, and the tribe of *Homeopathic Doctors*, several of whom, including their chief, have caught the contagion, and are in nightly convulsion amid circles of spirits, 'black spirits and gray.' We have several communications ourselves, 'not from the spirits'—for we have not yet taken leave of our wits—but upon the subject of the trick by which our neighbors are duped out of both their wits and their money; while others are making money by the operation. We hope our friend, Dr. Benedict, of the Utica Asylum for Lunatics, will have room for all parties, not the knaves, but their dupes. The former should be safely housed in the State Prison, and would be but for the imperfection in our laws."

Among the numerous specimens of earthly manifestations, now so frequent among our opposers, this one, through Dr. Reese as 'medium,' is entitled to particular notice. It certainly would not be difficult to infer more reasons than one why the editor of the *New-York Medical Gazette* has 'not taken leave of his wits'; and while his neighbors are being so sadly 'duped,' it may be a consolation to himself to know that, there are some things of which he is not likely to be defrauded. But we are not sure that the Doctor may not suffer from another cause—from some physical derangement induced by the morbid action of his mind. We therefore advise—the subject is a suitable one for the *Medical Gazette*—a careful analysis of the effects of bad temper on health.

Dr. Reese complains of the weakness and "imperfection in our laws," on account of which the teachers of spiritualism, mediums or others, whom he calls "knaves," are permitted to live outside of the "State prison." Now, as Mr. Reese is a *Doctor of Laws*, perhaps he can prescribe for our feeble and imperfect institutions, so as to relieve "our laws" from this distressing debility. The Doctor talks as though he would be most happy to administer a *legal tonic* even at the expense of Liberty and Humanity!

It affords us unspeakable satisfaction to know that some men are permitted to live under Christian and Republican institutions, which are so much better than they deserve.

"TWO YEARS WITH THE SPIRITS." We have been obliged to suspend the series of papers under this head, for one week, owing to the pressure of other matter.

Manifestations at Greenfield.

Some four months since we visited Greenfield, Mass., at the solicitation of several intelligent gentlemen, and gave three lectures on the facts and philosophy of Spiritual phenomena. Considerable interest was evinced, and remarkable demonstrations occurred, at that time, through Daniel D. Hume. We observed that the citizens, generally, seemed disposed to treat the subject with marked civility; and we left their beautiful village with the settled conviction that, the people possess too much candor, intelligence and good taste, to join in the senseless clamor which has characterized the opposition in many places, and which is always born of ignorance and prejudice. We extract from one of the public journals a brief account of some remarkable manifestations which have recently occurred in that place. We are led to suspect that our friend R— was near the editor's elbow when the following was written:

Some very curious phenomena, indicative of an invisible agency of some kind, whether produced by electricity, magnetism, the human will, or something else, "deponent saith not," have recently been witnessed in this town. A large, heavy mahogany table, difficult for a strong man to raise, has been seen to rock violently to and fro, with a stout man sitting on it, and keeping time to music; while a smaller table was observed to dance on one leg, lift up all its feet from the floor to exhibit them to the over-curious spectator, then walk deliberately out of the door, and commence going down stairs; returning, lift itself up a foot or more, climb on to a high-post bedstead, with a fat, high feather-bed upon it, and lay itself down there on its face, legs up in the air—and this with no visible agency—then come down, walk toward a high window, put one foot, then another, on the mop-board, and thrust its head out of the window, pulling its legs after it, till it was taken back by its "anxious" friends, who didn't like to have it "out." A stand is said to have followed a venerable and highly respectable gentleman around the room, out in the hall, down the steps and out of doors. In the above cases, a circle of most worthy and reputable people sat or stood around the table, touching it, when they could very lightly, with their hands. The following pranks have also been witnessed lately, viz: a stand dancing about most vigorously, and vivaciously, with no one touching it at all, and a large table keeping time to music, and answering questions for the hour together, with a circle of people sitting back around it, with no one touching it with even their little fingers, or the hem of their garments. And, in corroboration of this statement, we have the testimony of men and women of the highest character, and civil and social position, who were present, for the sake of testing the fact of a powerful invisible agency.—*Greenfield Democrat*.

Letter from Bro. Hammond.

The following letter from Br. Hammond, elicited by the strictures which appeared in our last number, is cordially admitted, to the exclusion of other matter. The author of "Two Years with the Spirits" jumps, in some instances, it appears to us, at conclusions which are unauthorized, and, so far as they relate to Mr. Hammond, we think, unjust. From all that we know of Mr. H., we do not feel at liberty to intimate, even by silence, the slightest doubt of all or any part of his testimony concerning himself. Any man who has the use of his senses, and is capable of exercising his ordinary faculties, must be best fitted to speak of the facts of his own experience. We believe Bro. Hammond to be entirely rational, and scrupulously conscientious, and hence we should accept his statement though it were necessary to reject the opinions of all other men. At the same time we insist that all books and papers, purporting to be written, dictated or edited by spirits, should be fearlessly subjected to the same standards which we are accustomed to apply to other similar works—preferring no such occult claims—and that no person who may be interested in such publications has any right to object to fair and honorable criticism. Nor do we understand our friend Hammond to make the slightest objection to this freedom.

S. B. B.

ROCHESTER, July 21, 1852.

FRIEND PARTRIDGE: In the TELEGRAPH of July 17th, I find a statement in regard to the manner of my becoming a writing-medium by an anonymous correspondent, which is incorrect and inconsistent with the account I published in the "Light from the Spirit World." What should have induced the author to falsify my statement of the matter, I am willing to leave with him and the public to decide; and would say, that if equal allowances are to be made for other portions of the narrative, the reader will not be greatly benefitted by its perusal. But as I design to correct the false impression which the writer may have induced in regard to myself, I shall only reply to so much of his correspondence as applies to me personally. He says:

"Mr. C. Hammond may be referred to as a type of all writing media. And that he was started, (so to speak,) by his own mind, his own idea operating on his own nervous system, is manifest from his account of himself. He says: 'Being satisfied that spirits were present' (here was the idea,)" &c.

On the above, I would remark, that I am not the type of all, nor any of the writing media in the country. I have never set myself up as being any more advanced or correct than thousands of others, neither would I wish the public to so understand the matter. It is true, that

two volumes have been written with my hand, and another is in progress, but as to the correctness or incorrectness of the writing, others can judge as well as myself. This much I do know, that I did not write in conformity with my own ideas, nor was the writing harmonious with my own mind in its most essential features. That my own idea operated on my nervous system, is not manifest from the account of myself; and your correspondent did me the injustice to substitute an idea of his own directly opposite to what I expressed in the Preface to the "Light." He states that the idea of spirits being present induced the movement; whereas the passage reads as follows:

"On the evening of the 20th of April, 1851, having retired to rest, I was surprised to find my right hand and arm move without any volition of my will. Being satisfied that spirits were present," &c. The first thought I had of spirits, at that time, was induced by the movement, and not the movement by the idea; for I had never anticipated any such demonstration in my own person. It may, therefore, be seen why I was surprised, and why I doubtfully demanded a test which was given. I believe I have never been regarded as a very nervous person, nor do I accede to the assumption that my own idea has ever induced a motion without the volition of my will. I had supposed that the most incredulous would acknowledge that they might have ideas and opinions upon any and all subjects, without having them written, but it seems that an idea is capable of turning the whole machinery of man, independently of any conscious volition, in your correspondent's estimation. My experience has afforded me no such demonstration.

Further, your correspondent says: "To those who know that all mesmeric results may be self-induced, this statement presents no difficulty. Mr. H. was magnetized by his own idea, and thus he soon became (of course,) utterly unconscious of using any volition in what he did."

"To those who know" what no one can ever know, I trust will wait until they do know. "All mesmeric results may be self-induced." Am I to understand that a thing can induce itself—that mesmerism is a self-creating power? Can an idea which possesses no degree of mesmerism, impart what it does not possess? Can a thing be mesmerically affected by another, which has no mesmerism in it? Or is an idea simply made up of mesmerism? It is said, that I "was magnetized" by my own idea. What idea? Why, that spirits were near me ready to move me, I suppose. But that was not the case. What idea then? I leave it for self-induced mesmerism to tell, for I can not.

To allow others to determine that I was, during any stage of the writing, magnetized by an idea, so that I was unconscious of the volition of my will, would be to allow what I am conscious is not true. I am not a subject of mesmeric influence, and repeated trials have been made by the best operators in the country to affect me, when writing under the control of spirits, and at other times, without the least perceptible success. And further, I do know, by actual experiment, that my will has nothing to do with the writing. If I will, and ask a question with ever so much confidence of receiving an answer, I am often disappointed, and the writing is of a foreign character. Sometimes when I am solicitous of a response, I get no reply. At others, very different from what I believed to be correct. Now, it seems to me, that an idea should be true to itself.

In conclusion, I will remark, that a solution of some important questions will appear in the next volume, and that I am content with the philosophy of cause and effect, without deifying mesmerism or magnetism with the results of modern manifestations of spirits. The whole subject of spirit-manifestations will be sustained, I trust, without human wisdom or human magnetism, and I could hope that the friends of the cause would feel no necessity to write what they do not know, in order to bring into discredit those who have stood up in the face of popular opposition and ridicule for the cause of truth. I consider it no flattery to represent me as unconscious of what I do, or what is done through me; for he must be a fool that does not know whether he writes or not. And beside, this principle once established, would excuse the greatest crimes known to our laws.

Yours truly,

C. HAMMOND.

"The Crisis."

Devoted to building up the Lord's Church in true Life, Doctrine and Order."

We have received several numbers of this paper, and it affords us pleasure to bear testimony to its candid tone and religious spirit. The Editor is an able minister of the New Church, and is laboring earnestly with voice and pen to enlighten those who, by the force of education or from whatever cause, entertain material and earthly views. To foster a living faith and an inward life, in the individual soul, and to promote a more spiritual theology, seem to be the chief objects of this paper, and we trust that the Editor may find great satisfaction in witnessing the success of his labors. We may not precisely agree with Mr. Weller in all his views, neither is this essential nor even profitable; but we may, nevertheless, enjoy the union which Christianity alone recognizes—

THE UNITY OF THE SPIRIT IN THE BOND OF PEACE.

We will just observe in conclusion, that one of the necessary conditions of the Editor's success, in this enterprise, is a good subscription list—for even spiritual papers require "material aid," and so do their Editors while they walk on earth and breathe common air.

THE CRISIS is published semi-monthly at Laporte, Indiana, at One Dollar per annum, in advance. Address, John S. Weller.

"The Prisoners' Friend."

This periodical, as the title implies, is devoted to the interests of the condemned and "dangerous classes," who have but few to speak in their behalf, or to represent the wrongs which they endure from society, while there are thousands to speak of the wrongs which they in turn inflict. This "Prisoners' Friend" labors quietly, and with a self-sacrificing devotion, to ameliorate the condition of the poor convict; it advocates an essential modification of the criminal code, and would temper our penal legislation by the mild precepts and loving spirit of Jesus. It illustrates, in a peculiar manner, the divine beauty of forgiveness, and thus presents strong claims to the favorable consideration of the Christian public. Such an enterprise God will own and bless. The Editor is a philanthropist, and his reward will be the blessing of him that was ready to perish.

It is just the time to subscribe, as a new volume will be commenced in September. Address Charles Spear, No. 124 Washington-st., Boston.

To Readers and Correspondents.

The facts referred to by Mrs. Whitman, at the close of her interesting letter—published in the TELEGRAPH of last week—will be most acceptable, at this time, to our readers.

The article commencing on our first page, though written some months since, is not less interesting now, especially as it is here published for the first time. We trust that one who can write so well will exercise the gift again, and frequently, for our benefit.

Bro. Elmer, where are the remaining Facts?

NEW-YORK CONFERENCE,

FOR THE INVESTIGATION OF SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA.

[WEEKLY REPORT.]

FRIDAY, July 16, 1852.

Present: Charles Partridge, and lady, Miss Partridge, Elizabeth Trask, Sarah Trask, M. B. Ackerman, and lady, Mrs. Julia A. Richmond, Mrs. Anderson, White Plains; Mr. and Mrs. Sheldon, Wm. Wood, and lady, Dr. R. T. Halleck, and lady, W. H. C. Wadell, and lady, Mrs. C. W. McDonald, Hon. J. W. Edmonds, Dr. John F. Gray, J. T. S. Smith, H. C. Billings, H. P. Humphreys, M. L. Humphreys, J. N. Stebbins, J. B. Davis, E. P. Fowler, R. P. Ambler, R. M. Bouton, West Troy; S. T. Fowler, T. S. Sheldon, Randolph, Cattaraugus Co.; Joseph T. White, Dr. C. Barnes, New-Hampshire; Geo. W. Bagby, Thomas Culbertson, M. A. Taylor, C. R. Mitchell, J. B. King, J. A. King, J. P. Taylor, D. H. Jacques.

Mr. Partridge stated that there will be a meeting of inquirers and believers in Spiritual Manifestations, at "Friendship Hall," No. 149 West Sixteenth-st., between Seventh and Eighth-aves., on Tuesday evening next, and that they would continue to be so held until further notice.

Mr. Bouton, of Troy, N. Y., said the friends there have formed an association, which meets every Sunday, at "Bethel Hall." It embraces the friends in Albany, Waterford, West Troy, &c. There are many private circles; but, as yet, Mr. B. thinks but little demonstration has been made upon the public mind.

Mr. Ambler made some very interesting remarks on the nature of Spiritual communications, and the misapprehension to which we are subject respecting them. A defective education has formed the idea that every thing spiritual must be infallible. We forget there is but one infallible Being. The human mind has ever been taught to look up with a kind of awe; it has been trained to look upon the future with a reverential horror; and, upon the past, with abject submission. These communications are not infallible, and it is well they are not. The mind must grow by its own exercise, and its own intuition must be its standard of truth. God has written Himself out in Nature, and has created his own tests. Truth must rest upon its own merits—authority can not enforce it—and when it is objected that nothing above the plane of our own comprehension has been revealed, let it be remembered that truth, unappreciated, is no truth to us. If it be above our inner consciousness, we cannot receive it; but, when adapted to our mental states, it forms the ever-radiant pathway of unending progress.

Dr. Gray stated some facts, occurring at two sittings of a circle convened for the purpose of witnessing spiritual lights. They transpired in a room made perfectly dark, and with every precaution to guard against mistake.

Dr. Halleck said he had full accord with the remarks of Mr. Ambler. Our inner consciousness, in whatever state of development, is the recipient of external facts. A locomotive, in its rapid course, is a fact of vastly different significance to different minds. The ox gazes on it with stupid indifference, or, perchance, runs from it in fear—the man looks beyond the mere mass of wood and metal, to its causes and uses. Does not the degree of interest we feel in the Spiritual hypothesis, mark the state of our inner development, as clearly as the passage of a locomotive before a man and an ox marks theirs? Certainly some look upon the subject with the same indifference, and some with as much fear. "The eye sees what it brings with it the power of seeing." When a table is moved, by no visible agency, to one man, it is nothing; to another, it is deception; to a third, it is a fact for profound investigation, and a matter of the deepest interest. But the phenomenon, though of daily occurrence, will be to us a perpetual fraud and trick, if we can not look behind and beyond the mere external fact. If we can see nothing beyond the motion of the table, we shall soon cease to see even that, as a reality. "God is his own interpreter"—"as deep call eth unto deep," so must the spirit of man respond to the voice of the Invisible. Spiritual intelligence, however manifested, addresses itself to the perceptions of the human spirit—but if we stop its ears with a quibble, and its eyes with a creed, how shall it respond? It must be blind to the beauty of the spiritual world, and deaf to its heavenly harmony, until the "scales fall from its eyes," and its "deaf ears are unstopped." Adjourned.

R. T. HALLECK, Sec'y.

SOUL WAKING.

To S. B. BRITTAN, Editor of the *Shekinah*:

DEAR SIR: After relating, in presence of a company of friends, a portion of my earlier experience of Spiritual Manifestations in the form of a remarkable vision, which occurred to me some eighteen years since, you solicited a record of the same for publication. I now proceed to comply with your request; but before beginning the narrative, allow me to preface it with a few remarks on the utility of personal experiences in general.

Although the experience of no one person can be identical with that of any other person, and, therefore, can never serve as a guide for another, yet there is a general point or principle involved in the spiritual experience of every individual, which commends even its simplest narrative to the attention of all earnest minds. That point or principle is, the revelation of a higher life to the individual consciousness. Each new narrative goes to swell the "cloud of witnesses" who testify of this most momentous fact in the career of human development, and adds another member to the vast communion of that higher life.

Without this personal revelation, it is impossible for any one to come forth from the darkness and dominion of mere sensuous existence into the light and liberty of true life; because sensuous existence, in whole and in part, is but an inverse reflection of the true or spiritual life. It is well known how grossly we are misled by the senses in relation to planetary motion—the merely sensuous conception being the exact reverse of the truth—as in the relative movement of our earth and the sun. So, also, in relation to all truth, the sensuous person occupies an inverted position. All his maxims, morals, and principles of action are but so many inverse reflections of truth. Tell the merely sensuous man of the blessedness to be experienced from a frank forgiveness of some offender who has done him a gross injury, and he will treat your suggestion with incredulity, if not contempt; because he has never been a conscious recipient of the spirit of forgiveness—which is mercy, clemency, goodness—the all-pervading spirit of the universe—the spirit of God. And because he has not been conscious of the existence of such a spirit, he has not yet "entered into life," but has been tarrying in its outer court, the senses. He finds delight in revenge rather than in forgiveness; and, in every other action, his mode of procedure is alike inverted.

But, with a revelation of spiritual existence, we may make our exodus from this worse than Egyptian bondage, and enter into the true life—not in a moment, as is imagined by a sensuous theology—but gradually, through many successive stages, marked by all the vicissitudes which lie between birth and maturity. The spiritual man must also pass through the stages of infancy, childhood, and adolescence, to complete manhood; and in his progress he must encounter the severest conflicts, for the sensual will not accept the rule of the spiritual, without rebellion and a terrible strife. Without such conflicts, the full powers of genuine manhood are not evoked, and can not be called into active exercise. Without them we can not be free. The field of these conflicts lies between the present race of professing Christians and that eternal rest, concerning which they have hitherto had but the most fantastic dreams—a field wherein they will be thoroughly purified from all aspirations after indolent ease, whether in this world or any other, as constituting the basis of heavenly joys.

Knowing, then, as I do, that the Spiritual Manifestations of our day are thus opening up the way from a false to a true life, I most cheerfully cast into the common treasury of evidence upon this subject the following relation of facts:

A VISION.

Eighteen years ago, having attained the age of thirty-two, without any definite faith in the immortality of man, I became the subject of a memorable vision, which brought the evidence of spiritual existence home to my external senses. The vision occurred while I was thoroughly awake, and was of full five hours' duration, commencing about eleven o'clock at night, and continuing till nearly daylight the next morning.

On the night of the vision, I had just retired to bed, in ordinary health, after having performed a full day's work at my usual occupation, when I commenced reviewing my previous course of life—the frequent journeys I had performed in moving from place to place; and suggesting to myself the propriety of becoming settled somewhere, and establishing myself in a permanent home. Pursuing this train of thought, I was surprised to hear the suggestions of my mind correctly replied to in a distinct and audible voice, as if by a person standing near my bed. Without the least emotion of alarm at such a novel occurrence, I continued to make further suggestions and inquiries, to each of which I received satisfactory responses in an audible, friendly, and even affectionate tone of voice. I was convinced that the voice was a spiritual one, but it did not once occur to me to associate its tone and accent with any person, either living or dead, whom I had ever known. The apparently disinterested friendship and superior intelligence dis-

played in the replies, inspired me with the utmost confidence, and determined me to seek to learn something from my unseen instructor. Accordingly, after a series of questions and answers, I asked if the Christian religion is true? This question seemed to grieve my invisible friend, and cause him to withdraw his presence without deigning a reply. I reflected that I should have known that the Christian religion was true, without asking, because I could see its peaceful fruits in the lives of some of my friends, and could contrast them with the discordant results of atheism in others of my acquaintance; and I concluded within myself that the Christian religion is true. My unseen friend then returned, and my mind recurring to the various religious sects and creeds, I asked, what does the Christian religion teach? The reply was, "Do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with thy God." I recollected to have heard these words preached from, and to have read them myself, and they seemed very just and true; but now their significance had a fullness and power that I had never known. I can express their effect upon me only by saying that I was filled full of a sense of their omnipotent power. In this frame of mind I remained some time, in reverential awe before the contemplation of what I had heard, when at length I perceived a sensation as of Elysium, spreading over and pervading every fiber of my system, and at the same time heard other voices, as if a company of persons approached. I soon recognized the familiar tone and accent of my deceased mother and several others of my departed relatives and friends, as well as some who were still living in this world. They addressed me, one at a time, and each in a cheering and consoling manner. Among them were a brother and sister, who died in infancy; these had the prattling, pretty, lisping speech of children, and were gently striving with each other as to which should first speak to me; and while the sweet strife continued, little Mary said, "Do let me sing to him the song of Love Divine." After each one of the company had given some kind message, they retired. I seemed to be left alone, when a voice different from any of the others, inquired if I would like to have a view of heaven? I assented, and, looking forward, I beheld as it were a curtain drawn aside, and before me was a sort of amphitheater, of indefinite extent, and a multitude of people with happy, shining faces, some sitting and some standing, but all looking toward me. They seemed to have just concluded some musical performance, and were about to retire when they beheld me; and, after a moment's silent contemplation, many voices in the assembly cried out, "Keep him! keep him!" and the scene instantly closed.

While contemplating what had just passed, I heard a voice saying, "You will now behold the bottomless pit;" and suddenly I was enveloped in thickest darkness, and the bed on which I lay seemed to be sinking. At the first, I had the consciousness of being attended by a friendly guide, but as I descended I felt myself alone, and an emotion of horror seized me, such as can not be described. Hideous forms of wild beasts and reptiles appeared on the sides of the dark abyss, and I cried out in supplication for delivery. Still I descended, until below me I saw dense clouds of smoke, with their black edges illumined by a glare of livid light, and from beneath I heard voices of angry railing and vituperation, the tones and accents of which were familiar to my ear as belonging to unhappy persons whom I had formerly known. At this point, my horror becoming so intense, I sprang from the bed, and fell prostrate upon my face on the floor, crying aloud in agony of despair, "How shall I escape this torment?" In an instant there appeared before me a luminous cross, with a death-head and cross-bones at the foot of it, causing me to suddenly spring upon my feet, and to exclaim, "Death and the Resurrection!" which I understood as a response to my despairing cry.

At this moment, a friend occupying an adjoining room, who had listened for some time to my distress, came in with a light, and the scenes of that memorable night were ended. During the whole of the vision, I was conscious of being in my own room, and of all external objects. My outward senses were in the fullest activity. I was not startled or aroused by the approach of my friend, for his first tap at the door was as well understood as if I had been expecting his arrival.

This was the commencement of my experience in spiritual manifestations, eighteen years ago. Since that time they have been frequent and varied in aspect, so that the recent spiritual phenomena throughout the country failed to excite either alarm or incredulity in my mind, as they have done and are doing to many good people, and especially those in good standing in our churches. As to what I believe to be the significance of the vision, you have it briefly stated in the foregoing prefatory remarks. The two opposite scenes of the vision represent the two conflicting phases of life—the first, the internal or spiritual; the second, the external or sensual. And I would here add, in conclusion, that those who have experienced no conflict between these two aspects of life, have not yet entered upon the career of progress toward a state of everlasting rest; and all I have to say to such in this connection is, may the spirits rap, and write, and otherwise move them, until they awake and begin the work.

Your friend,
JOHN WHITE.
From the *Shekinah*, for July.

Notes of Travel.

ROCHESTER, July 14, 1852.

FRIEND BRITTAN: Believing that the readers of the *TELEGRAPH* would be gratified with a brief account of what I witnessed during my six weeks tour to the West, I am induced to write you, leaving you to judge and dispose of the matter as you may think proper. I left home on the last week in May, with the expectation of learning the varied character of spiritual manifestations, and becoming personally acquainted with mediums and friends who had solicited a visit from me, and I need not tell you that I more than realized my highest anticipations. Along the entire path of my journey I found individuals of the highest respectability anxiously inquiring into the truth, and gladly receiving the light of spiritual communications. I made a short stay in Chautauque, where I found one rapping medium, who received such instruction through my hand as resulted in de-

veloping her condition so as to become a writing medium. Several other persons were exercised very powerfully, even beyond their power of resistance. One young man took the pen without the least expectation that he could be moved, and in less than five minutes his hand began to shake, and shake more violently as he offered resistance, then both hands, and afterward his limbs, so that he could not sit or stand still, but began to dance to the astonishment of himself and friends. This exercise was continued for more than an hour, when he was released. He said it did not tire him in the least, and certain I am that no person present sought to induce those exercises, but all felt an anxious wish to have him relieved. From this county, I passed on to Cleveland, where I arrived on Sunday, too late for the meeting of Spiritualists. I, however, found a circle in the evening, and was very happy to find them so far advanced, as I did, in the philosophy of spiritual intercourse.

Cleveland is, indeed, the freest city I have ever visited. It is free from the slavish despotism of religious and political tyranny in which the many are the servants of the few; and from the general character of its people, I found but few who were afraid to avow the convictions of their minds upon any subject. In regard to Spiritualism, the friends there have nothing to fear, because they seem to have passed over the boundaries of tyrants; and creeds, and platforms, with all the sensuous demonstrations of ignorance and cowardice, in the shape of reproach and contempt, have lost their potency to awe them into subjection. During ten or twelve days, I had the pleasure of attending circles of spiritualists every evening, beside visiting some forty or fifty families in the day time. It is nearly impossible to describe the peculiar manifestations which I beheld, or the manner in which persons are exercised by spirits. Among Clairvoyants and writing mediums, of which there are a great number, I saw nothing peculiarly new; but of other classes I am inclined to write more definitely. The most remarkable of these classes are the speaking, and pointing, and dancing mediums. The speaking mediums sometimes act and speak in a dialect wholly unintelligible to me, yet apparently well understood by those who are conversing. The circle being formed, mediums are instantly affected, as it were with a magnetic shock, their eyes become closed, and yet they act and move about the room with as much readiness as though they were conscious of every thing about them. When the medium rises, however silent it may be, by a simple motion of the finger, another is brought on the feet, and another, and so on, till the required number are unwillingly led into a circle, when the speaking commences, each alternately participating in the subject under the control of spirits, who act upon the organs in such manner as to force the utterance of words very readily and correctly. I have in my possession a very interesting dialogue which was repeated at the house of Mr. Kirkpatrick, in Ohio city. This dialogue was uttered in the Indian language, and was not understood by the actors or speakers, or myself, until a translation was written out by my hand. The manner of its delivery was purely characteristic of the red man, and yet I had no idea of the subject until my hand involuntarily wrote it out. I also heard a French dialogue spoken by the same mediums, not one of whom understood the language. And, however incredible it may seem, these mediums do not, as they inform me, become unconscious of the presence of the company, nor have they the power to sit down or do differently than they do. All that is done seems to be wholly mechanical, and the mediums may be regarded as the machinery, acted upon by an invisible power so as to induce manifestations of spirits, who control the voices, words and gesticulation, so as to identify themselves. The English dialogues and speeches made by spirits were generally of a moral or philosophical character, and the mediums were as much instructed by the speaking as any one else. The high standing and irreproachable integrity of character forbid the suspicion of deception on the part of the mediums, and sure I am that it would not be a very easy matter to deceive one who is a passive medium.

The pointing mediums signify to each other by signs what is required, and their silent language is readily obeyed. I saw whole circles formed and placed in their proper order without a word being uttered, and I saw no one suspicious of evil or disposed to reproach the medium, because it was not comprehensible to their minds. All were disposed to wait the result without anticipating a judgment.

The dancing mediums are old and young, and of both sexes. Sometimes the dance is performed in a circle of three or four persons, but not always. The movements are very eccentric, yet often exceedingly graceful. This part of the manifestations came rather in contact with my sense of propriety, but as I was willing to let the spirits do as they pleased, and as I saw nothing repulsive to my moral feelings, I gradually inclined to relish it much the same as the rest of the company. There was a peculiar feature in this display of spirit-power which arrested my attention. No one who danced desired it, neither could they stop it. They sometimes made an effort, (for they were conscious,) to sit down or fall down, but they could not do either. When music was heard, I observed that accurate time was kept by the mediums.

A lady who had joined the Methodist church in Cleveland, only two weeks previous, was thrown into a magnetic, or as our western friends call it, a spiritualized condition, and called for music, and after she had danced fifteen or twenty minutes, was suddenly released, and returned home, I presume, none the worse for what she could not help. But, lest the reader may indulge some scruples, I may be permitted to say, that I regard the dancing as a preparatory exercise to other more useful developments. I saw several exhibitions of dancing during my stay in Cleveland, and I have reason to believe that such exercises may be necessary to prepare persons for a mediumship that will confound the ignorance and prejudice of intolerant hypocrisy, that dare not own the truth until popular opinion yields to the force of facts.

In this city I was favored with every opportunity I could ask to gain information, and I feel myself under many obligations to the kind friends who proffered me a hospitality as free as the sunshine and the shower. On Sunday all the circles meet in a large hall, and various exercises are enjoyed as the spirits direct. I learned that lectures are often delivered by mediums, consisting of philosophical revelations of nature, moral and social duties, accompanied with music; and among the lecturers were Mr. Tiffany, Mr. Finney and others, but all meetings are not free, being open only to friends of truth.

Accompanied by Dr. A. Underhill and Mr. H. Camp, I visited Akron. We were cordially received, and met a large circle, convened on short notice, at a private house. I had a pressing invitation to meet the circle on my return from Massillon, which I accepted. The most remarkable feature of spirit-manifestations which I witnessed in Akron, was the exercises of Miss R., and a daughter of Mr. Bangs who had scarcely reached her teens, both of whom were unacquainted with music, yet acted upon by spirits in a way to play the most exquisite tunes upon the piano. I heard a great many pieces, difficult and plain, performed by both, in a style that would do credit to the learned in musical science. Here, as at Cleveland, the circles are open only to the candid, and not to the caviling.

At Massillon I found a less degree of interest generally, although I spent two evenings and days very profitably. There is one very good circle in this place, and several new mediums of writing, will, I trust, be instrumental in doing much good. At this place I met Dr. S. Underhill, who is very celebrated in the Western States as a lecturer on temperance, mesmerism, &c., and who, in former years, had conducted an infidel paper at Cleveland; but the subject of clairvoyance having engaged his attention, he had more recently become satisfied in regard to the possibility, if not probability, of an immortal life. The Doctor, supposing himself to be excluded from personal communication with spirits by reason of his positive condition, afterward declared that he verily thought I "was green" in calculating that he would immediately write by control of spirits, although such was the assurance given by my hand. He, however, rather courteously than confidently, took the pen, and in less than two minutes his hands were both playing like drum-sticks on the table, and very soon his feet and body began to shake. This exercise soon shook away his unbelief, and he became more quiet, when the spirit commenced writing in Hebrew, as we supposed. Afterward the right hand wrote, in English, several pieces of poetry. Finding his left hand was actively moved, I requested him to take the pen in that hand, when it moved quite rapidly and wrote backward and inversely from right to left. We were not able to read this writing without turning the sheet over, when, on holding it to the light, it was plain and readable to all present. There are several others who write in the same manner, and this gave satisfactory evidence that none of the circle knew what was written until all was complete, and the sheet turned over and read.

On returning to Cleveland, I was impressed to visit the State of Michigan. My friend, Mr. D. A. Eddy, gave me a free passage to Toledo. My time being limited, I pushed on to Adrian, the second town in the State. Here I gave a public lecture, at the request of Spiritualists, in the evening, and have only to regret that the largest hall in the place was too small for the congregation. There are several good mediums in Adrian, and I found them progressing in the knowledge of the truth. There has been, also, much opposition, principally originating in the selfishness of the churches, who seem inclined to judge a matter before they know any thing about it. On this occasion, however, several of the clergy were present, and I spoke as the spirit gave me utterance. All was quiet, respectful and attentive.

From Adrian I proceeded to Rome. Here I met a circle at the house of Rev. Robert Wooden. Some four or five mediums met me here, and the number was doubled in twenty-four hours. The house being full of strangers, it was proposed by Mr. W., as a test, that I should select the mediums from the rest of the company. Following my impressions, without restraint or fear, I had no difficulty, though deprived of an introduction, in gratifying his wish. My head was turned so as to face the medium, when my right hand was uplifted and pointed to the person, and I was made to say audibly, "That lady is a medium." At first, the company caviled at the declaration and affected to dispute it, but I was made to repeat, "I know that lady is a medium." I could not tell why I said it, but I knew it as well before they confessed it as afterward. So, of the rest. The circle seemed well pleased.

In Addison I spent two days. A circle was formed, and we enjoyed a very pleasant season. Dr. Brown, Dr. Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, and Miss C. A. Walker, clairvoyant, are among the most prominent and confiding. I regard Miss Walker as one of the most impressive and susceptible mediums I ever saw. The spirits gave directions to the circle—and I shall look for striking developments in that place. Indeed, throughout the State there is scarcely a neighborhood without mediums and friends of the truth. But, after all, I do not regard the people generally as being so independent and fearless of public opinion, as are the friends in Ohio. They have more independence than New-Yorkers, but less than their real interest requires in the investigation of the calumniated philosophy of spirit-intercourse.

In Chicago, I tarried two days, met with two or three circles, and delivered a public lecture, which was well attended. In Illinois and Indiana there has been some excitement during the past winter, and I learned that it was constantly increasing. Mr. Eddy, of Chicago, is erecting a hall sufficiently large to accommodate a large congregation. There are several mediums in the city, who have attained a degree of passiveness which admits of accuracy in the communications of spirits, and I trust they will be sustained in their independent condition.

I next proceeded to Waukegan, a distance of forty miles from Chicago, by invitation of several members of the Excelsior society. Here I gave three public lectures on spiritualism, and found a great many warm friends of the new philosophy. The Excelsiors number among them the most talented and respectable portion of the city, and they have held meetings twice every Sunday during the past year. In the morning, a lecture is delivered on such moral or philosophical subject as the lecturer prefers, and in the afternoon a conference, in which all are permitted to speak who wish. The lecturers are chosen by the society, twelve in all, yearly, with a President and secretary, and they speak alternately. I heard several of the lectures read, and, in my judgment, they would not disgrace any pulpit in the country. During my stay, many mediums were developed who had considered themselves beyond the reach of spirits, and I have no doubt of the onward progress of truth in that section of the country.

On the 3d of July I reached home, by way of the lakes. Our passage was pleasant, and nothing occurred during the whole journey to lessen the conviction that a great reform is contemplated by the spirits among the inhabitants of earth. I saw enough to

satisfy me, that no human power is competent to arrest or overthrow the work of progress, as spirits contemplate developing minds in the body. But time must be allowed—mediums must become passive—the laws and customs of society modified—ere we can expect the reign of peace and happiness on earth.

There are a hundred incidents connected with this tour, which have afforded me much satisfaction, but fearing I shall weary your patience with their recital, I close the account, desiring you to make such use of the same as you may think proper.

Yours truly,

C. HAMMOND.

The Spirits' Message.

The following extracts, from an article purporting to be dictated by the spirits of the Sixth Circle, through our esteemed friend, R. P. Ambler, contain some important suggestions.

The human spirit is a miniature God. It is created in the likeness of the Divinity. It possesses powers and gifts which are intrinsically divine and immortal. And these statements are true in their application to every spirit. There is no aristocracy in Nature which can assume the authority of concentrating all power in any limited number of beings, either in earth or in Heaven. But men individually possess the faculties which belong inherently to the human soul; and these faculties, though they may long exist in a latent and buried state, are capable of being exercised, expanded, and developed, in one as in another—and thus the true principle of equality is established in the body of humanity, which effectually forbids the institution of any oracular authority among all the members of the human race. In order to entitle an individual to act as authority for another, it is necessary that he should be possessed of some power which has not been generally conferred, or which is not inherent in the constitution of the being toward whom such authority is exercised. For instance, man, as a rational being, may exercise authority over the inferior brutes, because he possesses a higher principle in his nature than any with which the latter are endowed; and so the Divine Mind may, as an Infinite Being, exercise indisputable authority over all finite souls. . . . But it is not righteous to assert, or to believe, that any finite being of the human species should be recognized as authority by any other being belonging to the same race and possessed of the same inherent powers. Therefore the revelations of the spirits—though they may have ascended to a loftier plane of intelligence—are not to be taken as authority by the less developed minds on earth.

True it is that there exist in the human mind different degrees of development and progress, and this truth applies as well to the realm of spiritual existence as to the rudimentary sphere. There are individuals, societies and circles, both on earth and in Heaven, which occupy a loftier plane of intelligence and are possessed of a higher degree of wisdom, than those which are less advanced; and it is by virtue of this office, whereby instruction flows down from the higher to the lower planes of thought, that the latter become elevated and enlightened, and that the whole pathway of progress is illumined with divine wisdom. But here let the truth be received and appreciated, that those individuals who are comparatively advanced can never rightfully present their revelations as infallible authority to those beneath them who are less advanced, inasmuch as both of these classes possess the same internal capacity, and the higher is only where the lower will soon be in its power to perceive and comprehend the realities of being. The truth on this subject is, that all the members of the human race, both mortals and spirits, are in a state of progress; that none—even the most advanced—are absolutely perfect, and that, consequently, the instruction furnished by the higher circles of wisdom should never be received as an unvarying standard, by which the truth of all other teachings is to be determined.

Yet there is another view of this subject which must not be overlooked. It is, in a literal sense, degrading to the spirit to lean on any instruction from another as mere authority. In this case there can be no real appreciation of the instruction received—there can be no realizing and enlightened faith in the truths that are revealed, but there is simply an external assent to a dogmatic proposition, while Reason bows with blinded eyes to the source from which this is made. To demonstrate this fact, refer to the influence which authority has exerted in the established Church. There the Bible has been recognized as the standard of all thought and action. Men have leaned upon this as an authority from which there is no appeal—they have yielded their own divine right to think and reason, in the weakness of a blind idolatry. What has been the consequence of this? The answer is a mournful record in the history of earth. Leaning upon a mere external standard for its support, the soul has been made weak, and dwarfed, and blind. Superstition has reigned over the earth with a resistless power, and Bigotry—that form of darkness—has bound the human mind in chains. In obedience to the dictates of the received oracle, the religionist has assented to mere dogmas in which he has no inward faith, and has professed a belief in mysteries which are above the comprehension of his reason; and thus the powers of the spiritual being have been neglected, uncultivated, and undeveloped, for the reason that they have received no healthy and appropriate exercise,—while, at the same time, the most absurd and fanciful doctrines have been cherished as eternal truths, not because they rest upon the foundations of reason, but because they have been erected on the basis of authority.

Now, let it be understood that the spirits have not come to remove the standards of the Church, in order to erect another infallible standard in their place. On the contrary, they have come as teachers to present truths which must be received into the chambers of the understanding, which truths have their only authority in themselves; their mission is not to establish a system of truth on which the soul may lean without exercise, but it is to stimulate thought, to develop reason, to energize the spirit, and to expand the whole internal being of Man, as the only means whereby he can be truly saved. Many individuals are exceedingly perplexed and troubled because the spirits, as they see, are not reliable. Think you, then, that the immortals will furnish you with a prop on which your souls may slumber? Vain thought! No. The world has had authority enough to sink it into utter blindness—to sap all strength and vigor from its heart; and now that light has been revealed from the celestial world, that light must and can be received only through an exercise of those inherent powers and energies which dwell in the bosom of every spirit.

Miscellaneous Department.

ANGEL-EYES.

The cold night wind blew bitterly,
The rain fell thick and fast;
The withered trees sighed mournfully,
As a woman hurried past.
What does she here, on a night so drear,
Alone, amid the blast?

Her face, though fair and youthful,
Is worn with want and pain;
And her hair, that was once a mother's care,
Is tangled with wind and rain;
And nights of sin and days of woe
Have wrought their work on her brain.

There is no tear upon her cheek;
But a wild light in her eye,
As she turns her sin-seared countenance
Up to the frowning sky,
And prays the quivering lightning flash
To strike—that she may die!

The wild sky gazed unquitting
On the wilder face below;
The lightning mocked her desperate prayer,
As it darted to and fro;
And the rain ceased and the stars came forth,
And the wind was hushed and low.

"Oh, stars! have ye come forth to gaze
Upon me in my shame?
I left the city's wicked streets,
For I could not bear the blame
That was heaped upon me as I went,
And that cruel, cruel name!"

"I passed the house of the false, false one,
Who tempted me to sin;
I stopped and gazed through the window-pane,
And saw the bright fire within;
And he sat there with wine and cheer,
While I stood wet to the skin."

"Behind me, on the wintry sky,
There gleams the city's light;
Before me, shine the clear cold stars,
Like the eyes of angels bright;
I can not hide from men's eyes by day,
Nor from angels' eyes by night."

"I know a pool that's still and deep,
Where, 'neath the willow's shade,
When a happy child, the water-weeds
And rushes I would braid;
But I little thought within that pool
My grave would ever be made."

She sought the place with hasty steps,
And a wild and rigid stare;
But she saw the mild, bright eyes of the stars
Had gone before her there;
And to Him who sent them to soften her heart,
She fell on her knees in prayer.

Ministration of Departed Spirits.

BY MRS. H. D. STOWE.

It is a beautiful belief
That ever round our head
Are hovering, on viewless wings,
The spirits of the dead.

While every year is taking one and another
from the ranks of life and usefulness, or the charmed
circle of friendship and love, it is soothing to remem-
ber that the spiritual world is gaining in riches through
the poverty of this.

In early life, with our friends all around us—hearing
their voices, cheered by their smiles—death and the
spiritual world are to us remote, misty, and half
fabulous; but as we advance in our journey, and voice
after voice is hushed, and form after form vanishes
from our side, and our shadow falls almost solitary on
the hill-side of life, the soul, by a necessity of its being,
tends to the unseen and spiritual, and pursues in an-
other life those it seeks in vain in this. For with
every friend that dies, dies also some peculiar form of
social enjoyment, whose being depended on the pec-
uliar character of that friend; till, late in the after-
noon of life, the pilgrim seems to himself to have
passed over to the unseen world, in successive por-
tions, half his own spirit; and poor indeed is he who
has not familiarized himself with that unknown
whither, despite himself, his soul is earnestly tending.

One of the deepest and most imperative cravings of
the human heart, as it follows its beloved ones beyond
the veil, is for some assurance that they still love and
care for us. Could we firmly believe this, bereave-
ment would lose half its bitterness. As a German
writer beautifully expresses it—"Our friend is not
wholly gone from us; we see across the river of death,
in the blue distance, the smoke of his cottage"—hence
the heart, always creating what it desires, has ever
made the guardianship and ministration of departed
spirits a favorite theme of poetic fiction.

But is it, then, fiction? Does revelation, which
gives so many hopes which nature had not, give none
here? Is there no sober certainty, to correspond to
the inborn and passionate cravings of the soul? Do
departed spirits, in verity, retain any knowledge of
what transpires in this world, and take any part in
its scenes?

All that revelation says of a spiritual state, is more
intimation than assertion—it has no distinct treatise,
and teaches nothing apparently of set purpose, but
gives vague glorious images, while now and then some
accidental ray of intelligence looks out.

—like eyes of cherubs shining
From out the veil that hid the ark.

But out of all the different hints and assertions of the
Bible, we think a better inferential argument might
be constructed, to prove the ministrations of departed
spirits, than for many a doctrine which has passed in
its day for the light of orthodoxy.

First, then, the Bible distinctly says that there is a
class of invisible spirits who minister to the children
of men. "Are they not all ministering spirits, sent
forth to minister to those who shall be heirs of sal-
vation?" It is said of little children, that "their angels
do always behold the face of the Father which is in
heaven." This last passage, from the words of our
Savior, taken in connection with the well-known tra-
dition of his time, fully recognizes the idea of indi-
vidual guardian spirits.

For God's government over mind is, it seems
throughout, one of intermediate agencies, and these
not chosen at random, but with the nicest reference
to their adaptation to the purpose intended.

Not even the All-seeing, All-knowing One was
deemed perfectly adapted to become a human Savior,
without a human experience. Knowledge intuitive,
gained from above, of human wants and woes, was
not enough—to it must be added the home-born cer-
tainty of consciousness and memory—the head of all
mediation must become human.

Is it likely, then, that in selecting subordinate
agencies, this so necessary a requisite of a human life
and experience, is overlooked? While around the
throne of God stand spirits, now sainted and glorified,
yet thrillingly conscious of a past experience of sin
and sorrow, and trembling to the soul in sympathy
with temptations and struggles like their own, is it
likely that he would pass by these souls, thus burning
for the work, and commit it to those bright abstract
spirits, whose knowledge and experience are compar-
atively so distant and so cold?

It is strongly in confirmation of this idea, that in
the transfiguration scene, which seems to have been
intended purposely to give the disciples a glimpse of
the glorified state of their Master, we find him attend-
ed by two spirits of earth, Moses and Elias, "which
appeared to him in glory, and spake of his death which
he should accomplish at Jerusalem."

It appears that these so long departed ones were
still mingling in deep sympathy with the tide of hu-
man affairs, not only aware of the present, but also
informed as to the future.

In coincidence with this idea, are all those passa-
ges which speak of the redeemed of earth as being
closely and indissolubly identified with Christ, mem-
bers of his body, of his flesh and his bones. It is not
to be supposed that those united to Jesus above all
others, by so vivid a sympathy and community of in-
terests, are left out as instruments in that great work
of human regeneration which so engrosses him; and
when we hear Christians spoken of as kings and priests
unto God, as those who shall judge angels, we see it
more than intimated that they are to be the partners
and actors in that great work of spiritual regenera-
tion, of which Jesus is at the head.

What then? May we look among the band of min-
istering spirits for our own departed ones? Whom
would God be more likely to send us? Have we in
heaven a friend who knew us to the heart's core, a
friend to whom we have unfolded our soul in its most
secret recesses—to whom we have confessed our weak-
nesses and deplored our griefs?—if we are to have a
ministering spirit, who better adapted?

Have we not memories which correspond to such a
belief? When our soul has been cast down, has never
an invisible voice whispered, "There is lifting up?"
Have not gales and breezes of sweet and healing
thought been wafted over us, as if an angel had shaken
from his wings the odors of Paradise? Many an one,
we are confident, can remember such things, and
whence come they?

Why do the children of the pious mother, whose
grave has grown green and smooth with years, seem
often to walk through perils and dangers fearful and
imminent as the crossing Mohammed's fiery gulf on
the edge of a drawn sword, yet walk unhurt? Ah!
could we see that glorious form! that face where the
angel conceals not the mother—our question would be
answered.

It may be possible that a friend is sometimes taken
because the Divine One sees that their ministry can
act upon us more powerfully from the unseen world,
than amid the infirmities of mortal intercourse.

Here, the soul, distracted and hemmed in by human
events and by bodily infirmities, often scarce knows
itself, and makes no impression on others correspond-
ent to its desires. The mother would fain electrify the
heart of her child, she yearns and burns in vain to
make her soul effective on its soul, and to inspire it
with a spiritual and holy life; but all her own weak-
nesses, faults and mortal cares, cramp and confine
her, till death breaks all fetters—and then first truly
alive, risen, purified and at rest, she may do calmly,
sweetly and certainly, what, amid the tempest and
tossings of life, she labored for, painfully and fitfully.

So, also, to generous souls who burn for the good of
man, who deplore the shortness of life and the little
that is permitted to any individual agency in this life,
does this belief open a heavenly field. Think not,
father or brother long laboring for man, till thy sun
stands on the western mountains—think not that thy
day in this world is over. Perhaps, like Jesus, thou
hast lived a human life and gained a human experi-
ence, to become, under and like him, a savior of
thousands—thou hast been through the preparation,
but thy real work of good, thy full power of doing, is
yet to begin.

There are some spirits (and those of earth's choicest)
to whom, so far as enjoyment to themselves or others
are concerned, this life seems to have been a total
failure. A hard hand from the first, and all the way
through life, seems to have been laid upon them, they
seem to live only to be chastened and crushed, and we
lay them in the grave at last in solemn silence. To
such, what a vision is opened by this belief! This
hard discipline has been the school and task-work by
which their soul has been fitted for their invisible
labors in a future life; and when they pass the gates
of the grave, their course of benevolent acting first
begins, and they find themselves delighted possessors
of what through many years they have sighed for—
the power of doing good.

The year just passed, like all other years, has taken
from a thousand circles the sainted, the just, and the
beloved—there are spots in a thousand grave-yards,
which have become this year dearer than all the living
world; but in the loneliness of sorrow, how cheering
to think that our lost ones are not wholly gone from
us. They still may move about in our homes, shed-
ding around them an atmosphere of purity and peace,
promptings of good, and reproofs of evil; we are com-
passed about with a cloud of witnesses, whose hearts
throb in sympathy with every effort and struggle, and
who thrill with joy at every success. How should this
thought cheer and rebuke every worldly feeling
and unworthy purpose, and enshrine us, in the midst
of a forgetful and unspiritual world, with an atmos-
phere of heavenly peace. They have overcome—have
risen—are crowned, glorified—but still they remain
to us, our assistants, our comforters, and in every
hour of darkness their voice speaks to us: "So we
grieved, so we struggled, so we fainting, so we doubted—
but we have overcome, we have obtained, we have
seen and found all true, and in our heaven behold the
certainty of thy own."

Most men are parasites; they prefer to grow on a
limb of somebody else, to having roots of their own in
the firm ground like the self-sown oak. c. w.

Parables for the Day.

THE FORGIVEN JUDAS.

When Judas had betrayed his master, he went forth
and hanged himself, being stricken in conscience with
the greatness of his offense and frantic with grief.
But after death he arose speedily in the intermediate
state called Hades. And his remorse and sorrow still
claved to him, for they were great in the hour of his
parting. So Judas wandered about inconsolable,
thinking of his crime, and in great misery he would
often look forth from Hades on the hill of Calvary.
And lo! as he wandered hither and thither, there sud-
denly appeared in the dim dusk of Hades, a shining
form that made all light around. And Judas looking
up was amazed to see the face of the Crucified one.
And he would fain have fled into the thickest gloom of
Hades, but as he turned to flee, his feet refused to do
their office, and he stood fixed, with face averted, in
the presence of the master. And a gentle, meek voice,
blended of sadness and love, stole sweetly upon the
murky air—"Judas, dost thou remember the question
that Peter asked of me—Lord, how oft shall my brother
sin against me, and I forgive him?" And Judas,
groaning deeply, said, "Yes, Lord, I remember—" while
sighs and tears stopped further answer. Then the
Crucified said, "As I commanded Peter to do to
his brother, so do I toward thee. I forgive until seven-
ty times seven, for I also am a brother." And im-
mediately the glorious form vanished, while the tears
of Judas flowed faster than before. And looking
around he saw no one, but light lingered where the
Master had appeared. And not many days after, as
mortals measure time, Judas could not be found in
Hades, but there was a new soul in Heaven.

THE ANXIOUS BIBLE-STUDENT.

A close student of the Bible had become much
troubled with certain accounts in the Old and New
Testaments. He was particularly exercised with
Matthew's account of Jesus' entry into Jerusalem
riding on two beasts of burden. And he could not
understand how Lazarus, after being recalled to life,
came out of his grave bound hands and feet. So he
went to many doctors of divinity seeking explanations;
but they ever sent him away with sophistical reason-
ings and many exhortations to a believing mind. But
after he had become very dejected and anxious, he
chanced to meet a simple man who sympathized with
Jesus, and could understand what was of Jesus, in the
Gospels, and what not. To the simple man he pro-
posed his difficulties, and hinted that there might be
some things in the Gospels which were not of God.
And the simple man said, "If God were more to you
than a book, and if you trusted him directly, you
would not be troubled with the incredible things of
the Scripture; neither would you reject all Scripture
because of contradiction. Believe me, my friend, God
is nearer to you than the Bible, and he inspires all
who love him, who forgive their enemies, and do not
hate, with the same fullness with which he inspired
the apostles." And the student said, "This is hard
doctrine, that God can be trusted entirely. I have
been taught to believe, that He is a God afar off; and
that inspiration was cut off in the apostles; and that
it is in vain to trust God as heartily as the early Chris-
tians did." "You will find God to be a father to-day,"
said the simple man, "if you will forgive your ene-
mies, and never hate." So the student followed his
advice, and soon could tell what part of Scripture
came from God; and its contradictions were nothing
more to him than spots on the sun.

Modern Miracles.

The editor of the *Lorain Argus* gives his
editorial evidence to the following cure of his
daughter:

REMARKABLE SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATION IN
ELYRIA.—We see by our exchange papers that the
spiritual manifestations are increasing very fast all
over the United States, and that many have of late
carefully investigated, so far as investigation can pen-
etrate the mysterious phenomena of what is generally
termed "spiritual manifestations," and have become
convinced by demonstrations which they have been
forced to admit could not have been produced by any
human agency, and unaccountable in their nature.

But the demonstration to which we now particu-
larly allude, was made in our own family, to Leonora,
a daughter, between fourteen and fifteen years of age,
a medium.

Three years ago she stepped on a common sewing-
needle, which penetrated the heel, and almost instan-
tly was out of sight, which has been the cause of great
pain at different times since. About seven weeks
ago her foot commenced swelling, and it became very
painful; she has ever since (till last Thursday) been
compelled, in order to move about the house, to hop
on one foot, and should she happen even to touch the
affected foot to the floor, she would drop as quick as
though she had been knocked down with a club, so
sensibly keen was the pain at the least touch. The
foot was swollen to almost twice the size of the other,
and to just bend either of the toes would cause great
pain and suffering.

On Thursday last she retired to a room, and there
being no one present but herself, she thought she
would like to converse with the "spirits," something
she had not done for a long time previous. The first
spirit that answered her call was her grandfather's,
whom she asked the following questions, and received
the following answers:

QUESTION—"Can the needle in my foot be found
without much difficulty and pain?"

ANSWER—"No."

Q—"Am I to remain a cripple during the whole
time allotted to me to remain upon this earth, and
be obliged to hop about on one foot, and suffer so
much pain?"

A—"No."

Q—"Will it be a long time before I shall be en-
abled to walk on that foot?"

A—"No."

Q—"Can I walk now?"

A—"Yes."

She immediately arose, stood upon one foot, the
other hanging down within about four inches of the
floor, in which position it was, and had been for some
time past, which caused us to fear that the cords in
the leg had become contracted, and that she never
would be enabled again to straighten it. But, when
she stood up, you can easily imagine her surprise and
astonishment when, as she says, she felt a pressure
encircle her ankle, and, in the twinkling of an eye,
the foot was brought down in contact with the floor,
with such violence as to cause the floor to tremble,
which very much startled her, at the time, and she

called aloud, "Mother! mother!"—And then walked
off, as she usually did, with both feet. The swelling
disappeared, and on the following day she put on the
same sized shoe that she had been in the habit of pre-
viously wearing, and walked about the village, mak-
ing calls and conversing with those friends from whom
she had been so long separated.

Candor requires us to observe that the above is no
fancy, but we bear testimony to the fact.

REMARKABLE FULFILLMENT.—The number of the
Monthly *Rainbow*, by Dr. L. L. Chapman, published
four weeks ago, contains, as we find, a very remark-
able premonition of the recent earthquake in Switzer-
land. We have also noted that previous earthquakes,
auroras, and other phenomena premonition weeks be-
forehand by Dr. C., have been fulfilled with equal ac-
curacy. If his premonition that the cholera is likely
to prevail seriously during August, should be fulfilled,
it will attach importance to the discovery of Physical
Laws and effects of Light, which Dr. C. assumes to
have made, as well as to calculations for daily atmos-
pheric changes and their effect on health, &c., pub-
lished in the *Rainbow* for the month, in advance.
The cholera, it is estimated, has swept off a hundred
million victims. Groundless fear has no doubt added
vastly to its ravages. Thousands, beyond question,
have been buried alive, from fear of spreading in-
fection. When the cause is generally known, this
alarm may be dissipated, and means of prevention, or
easy remedy, found by the skill and philanthropy of
our medical faculties. We commend the highly inter-
esting work, the *Rainbow*, to the attention of the
scientific public, and we hope Congress will set apart
an appropriation, to thoroughly test the discoveries of
Dr. Chapman.—*Ex.*

SINGULAR GEOLOGICAL FACT.—At Nodenna, in
Italy, within a circle of four miles around the city,
whenever the earth is dug and the workmen arrive
at the distance of sixty-three feet, they come to a bed
of chalk, which they bore with an auger, five feet deep.
They then withdraw from the pit before the auger is
removed, and upon its refraction the water bursts up
with great violence, and quickly fills the well thus
made, the supply of water being neither affected by
rains or droughts. At the depth of fourteen feet are
found the ruins of an ancient city, houses, paved
streets and mosaic work. Below this again is a layer
of earth, and at twenty-six feet, walnut trees are
found entire, and with leaves and walnuts still upon
them. At twenty-eight feet soft chalk is found, and
below this vegetables and trees.

There is often in the heart some innate image of the
beings we are to love, that lends to our first sight of
them almost an air of recognition.

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VOLUME II.

THIS Magazine is devoted chiefly to an inquiry into
the Laws of the Spiritual Universe, and a discus-
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auxiliary to the Progress of Man. It treats especially
of the philosophy of Vital, Mental, and Spiritual
Phenomena, and presents, as far as possible, a classi-
fication of the various Psychological Conditions and Man-
ifestations, now attracting attention in Europe and
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prominent features of the work.

1. LIVES OF ANCIENT AND MODERN SEERS.
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Containing the Editor's Philosophy of the Soul, its
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May 15, 1852.

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erate the most unlimited freedom of thought, imposing
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offense. It shall be free indeed—free as the utter-
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tions and reciprocal duties, which, with the very cur-
rent of our lives, must flow into the great Divine Or-
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